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PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
AT THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA  
SESSION 1920-21

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## ORIGINS OF THE DRAMA.

### An Address Given Before the Dramatic Society of the University of Alberta on November 1st.

Origins are elusive creatures. He who goes a-hunting them must, like Theodore Roosevelt, have a different set of spectacles for every occasion, his anthropological pair, his archaeological pince-nez and so on. But like the famous recipe for rabbit pie you must first catch your origins before you can pin them down on your dissecting board and gloat over them. Even then, ten chances to one, what you fondly believed to be an origin turns out an 'off-shoot' or something equally horrible, and as you cast it forth into outer darkness you hear the mocking laughter of the real simon-pure will o' the wisps somewhere off-stage.

However, I am not going to try to dissect the origins of the drama or even to catch them—a technical attempt of that sort would be impossible in my present limited space. If we can trace some of their foot prints and get a faint glimpse of those from which the drama proper emerged our purpose will be attained.

The ultimate source of the drama appears to be the same creative instinct in man that produced poetry, music, painting and the like, for all of these in their final analysis consist of "imitation" in the Aristotelian sense, i.e. of representation and interpretation of life in action. Gods, men, nature and the animal world form the subject matter and the word action implies not only physical movement but also the

march of ideas, moods and character. In a later period the mode or medium of representation was specialized and by this the arts were differentiated. Music for instance specialized in rhythm and harmony, poetry in rhythm and narration drama in impersonation and so on. Of these specialized products of the imitative instinct drama remained the strongest sister for it may and does employ the others without weakening its own distinctive features, and often overflows into their territory. But it is important for us to remember that in the beginning, as often now, all these arts had no definite line of cleavage—their origins are inter-linked and in examining them, our examples will show us much that is poetical or musical as well as dramatic in content. Above all, the narrow connotation of drama as a play in one or more definite acts, cast in the mould of dialogue must be thrown aside. In a study of origins where the dramatic is found almost inextricably mingled with other products of the common imitative instinct, drama will mean impersonation and representation whether this issues in song, verse, dance or masquerade.

A consideration of the evidences left by primordial man in the light of these principles is our next logical step but here, unfortunately, we are handicapped by lack of materials. Even the exact date of man's first appearance in the world as a rational



being is but a delightful field for conjecture since within certain limits your guess cannot be wrong. We are told that evidence of his four-footed progress still persist in the arrangement of our blood vessels—which are adapted to quadrupedal rather than bipedal locomotion—and evolutionists carry us back still further. Be that as it may, his career as a two-footed person with ideas is thought to have begun at between fifty thousand and five hundred thousand years ago. Problematical instruments known as “dawn-stones” and shaped somewhat like the humble bean, are hailed as the first product of his intelligence. Later, hand stones of a more definite shape, stone axe-heads, skulls and skeletons, remnants of lake-villages, (paralleled to-day in many South Sea communities), and fairly late but quite significant carvings and paintings (such as those in Altamira Cavé) provide us with some slight idea of how our first ancestors lived and thought. But none of these remains, as far as I know, present us with any sure traces of prehistoric drama among these far off progenitors of the race. Paintings and carvings suggest the imitative instinct at work, comparative archaeology and anthropology point to an early drama but actual evidence of dramatic ritual appears to be lacking.

In one case, however, we can infer its presence. Philologists tell us that drama in gesture preceded speech. For instance, you wish to describe to your neighbor the wonderful fish you caught in some Devonian Sea. What more natural than to mimic the movements of fishing, land your prize successfully and then by the age-old gesture show your companion what a monster it really was. This summer a Virginian told me of a primitive Indian tribe in Florida who eke out a vocabulary of six or seven sounds by gesture.

(Other theories of the origin of speech may be judged from the names given them. You may choose the “Yo-he-ho” theory in disgust at the flimsiness of the “Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay” explanation or reject both and go to the Bow-wow’s’.) Examples of gesture might be multiplied but a glance at the origin of writing may prove the point. The written word is in the beginning a picture of the spoken word and so at first draws the objects about which it wishes to tell. But, occasionally, we find gesture preserved in the written character. For instance, one Indian tribe uses the figure of a man=man, but for chief draws a line up from the figure’s head. This is explained as the gesture (the hand placed on the head and then moved upward) used by Indians to describe a chief. Three lines upward of course, means “Heap big Chief.”

Here I am reminded of a story told by Dr. Moulton of the University of Chicago. He was travelling in Greece and was much impressed by the observant alertness of the Greek peasant. One day he found himself in a Greek town, “broke.” He knew no Greek and couldn’t find a bank, so he stopped a peasant, went up to a house and leaned his shoulder against it to show that he was “up against it.” The peasant stared, then smiled and executed two somersaults to show that he “tumbled” and led him to a pawn-broker. If true, this would prove the remarkable freemasonry of gestures, but I cannot stop to press the point.

From the fore-going suggestions, however, we must admit the probability of a prehistoric drama but for more concrete evidences of origins must turn to other fields. Here we find two kinds of evidences which seem to be valid. First, ancient records of ritual etc. in the history of Babylon, Greece, Rome, Egypt and other ancient civilizations and sec-



ond, observations of modern stone-age man in the South Seas, Africa, Australia, and the two Americas.

This latter evidence seems valuable. We can find many present day examples of primitive drama, but in applying them to the origins of our European stage, we must remember, as Dr. Matthews points out, that the stone-age customs of today are the more or less stagnant issue of a long development and may not parallel with exactitude the vigorous growing habits of our ancestors.

A study of these two sources appears to lead us to these conclusions:

1. Drama first appeared in communal, festal and religious rites.

2. These social performances were, in the main, celebrated at two sets of occurrences,

- a. Births, marriages, deaths where these were considered as affecting the community as a whole rather than the individual family.

- b. Seed time, harvest, war.

3. These festivals were motivated by the imitative instinct awakened either by religion or the desire for social expression, or the joy of creation or the delight of seeing things "done to the life."

To me it seems that in almost all cases religion was the major impelling force. It was a religion apparently, not of love, but of fear. Students of demonology tell us that Devil-Worship preceded God-Worship. Comparative religion dealing with savage ritual of today and the records of ancient worship seem to bear this out. In Greek religion the Furies—true "ladies of hell" with snakes for hair—were almost certainly not only a survival from the days when flowed the cup that cheers and inebriates, but also the old devil-worship stratum of Greek thought. Their peculiar function was the punishment of breakers of the letter of the law and so much were they feared that euphemistically they were called "Eumenides," the Kind-

ly Ones. Dr. Paul Carus tells us that no deity is worshipped more widely to-day in India than Kali, the goddess of cruelty and evil.

This religion of fear is, after all, natural enough when we begin to plumb the depths of the ignorance of primeval man, acquainted with little beyond the limits of his own valley or lagoon, and with no scientific explanation of the causes of things. To him every earthquake, every hurricane, every reverse in war, must have seemed the work of some adverse deity, who must then be placated with offerings—you must sacrifice part of your belongings, or one being from the tribe, to save the whole. Primitive man like his descendants was often too pitilessly logical. But along with this idea of sacrifice (which forms an essential element of all ancient worship) sprang up the belief that by some formulae or ritual you could prevent the deity from injuring you and even compel him to aid you. From this developed the practice of magic and particularly of that branch called homoeopathic or imitative magic. In this it was believed that by imitating the desired result you could compel or aid the deity to accomplish it. The inherent dramatic possibilities of this are at once evident and need not be further expounded but I will adduce a few examples where the dramatic element is obvious.

Every year at Eleusis the Greeks used to plough three furrows with a sacred plough and sow spelt to ensure a bountiful crop.

One method of conjuring rain among savage tribes according to Frazer is to shake water through a sieve.

Mannhardt tells us that to-day at Sarpat in Russia when rain is desired three men ascend a tree in a sacred grove. One of them beats on a pan with a hammer, the second knocks two fire-brands together and

the third sprinkles water from a pail with a bough, imitating the thunder, the lightning and the rain.

In harvest time, so Kohl writes in 1841, "the Letts swing high to make the grain grow tall."

The use of waxen images or images of clay plus spittle and finger-nail parings of intended victims to injure an enemy is too well known in literature to need comment. From Theocritus to Rossetti, poets have seen its dramatic possibilities. A writer, Van de Toorn, cited by Frazer, gives an interesting case of the practice among the Malays. To kill his foe the Malay prepares a waxen image of him, pierces it through, head downwards, with a needle, enshrouds it, prays the funeral prayer over it, and buries it where his enemy will step over it. As he does this he repeats this verse:

"It is not I who is burying you  
But the angel Gabriel who is burying you."

Hence, comments Frazer, the guilt of the death thus ensured is laid on the shoulders of the angel Gabriel who is far better able to bear it than you are.

The dramatic and mimetic nature of these instances is obvious and their religious origin has been indicated. A more developed aspect of imitative magic motivated by religion and issuing into ceremonies of a dramatic character is seen in the great communal festivals of seed time and harvest, whether the crop be grain or something else. The Polynesians, for instance, as Mr. Johnson tells us, depend on fish and cocoanuts for their crop. Once a year they hold a great tribal festival. During this period, their gods are carried in procession (always a striking feature of communal activities and one that persists among us to-day) down to the ocean and given a glimpse of the waves, while fish already caught are hauled to shore. Then they are carried to a plot of sacred ground and

there a select chorus of Polynesians dressed to impersonate cocoanuts dance the "cocoanut dance." Like the bantams with the ostrich egg in front of them, this encourages both fish and cocoanuts to do their best. This sort of impersonation has left traces in Greek comedy, where the chorus in plays like "The Frogs" or "The Birds" was dressed to represent these animals and as the texts of the plays show, imitated their cries as well. The origin of Greek comedy itself seems to be based on ritual of this sort. References in Greek writers and scenes painted on ancient vases together with the extant comedies appear to show that in development it passed through the following stages:

a. A community group, dressed as gods of increase, in procession acted a pantomime to ensure the increase of crops and herds;

b. The group from acting out one scene of the god's life, passed on to the representation of other myths about him;

c. Thence the group, still as a religious ritual acted out scenes from the mythological history of other deities and so passed into scenes from the life of heroes, etc. Hence came the actors in the old Attic comedy.

Meanwhile a second influence was at work. In other parts of Greece, notably in Attica, another method was followed. Here one actor personated the god and a group attended him as chorus. At a certain stage in the proceeding this chorus turned to the audience and indulged in personal invective and raillery at the expense of individuals present. From this was developed the chorus and the personal element in the comedy of Pericles' day.

This summarized account of Greek comic origins shows how the primitive processes which we have described may under favorable condi-

tions develop into actual dramas. They must of necessity therefore have the elements of drama in them.

Before I leave this type of festival, it may be interesting to note a different off-shoot of this same kind of idea. In ancient Egypt and Babylon, Asia Minor and Greece (as also among Teutonic races) a special form of myth was constructed around the death and revival of vegetation. Vegetation was conceived of as a spirit which died each fall and revived each spring. Naturally it was important for man to aid the process and so the spirit (deified later under different names, as Osiris, Adonis, Attis, etc.) was dramatically represented as dying, being mourned and rising again.

In the Egyptian worship of Isis and Osiris, for instance, each year a company represented, 1, The killing of Osiris; 2, The search for him by Isis, her discovery of him, mourning for him, and his burial, and 3, His resurrection. This worship of Isis and Osiris later disputed Christianity's predominance.

In the similar ritual for Adonis, song was employed, as we know from one of Theocritus' Idylls, and images of the deities were used.

Dr. Mannhardt today has collected many survivals in Europe of belief in a "corn-spirit," who dies when the last sheaf is gathered, and to whom a stranger in some cases should be sacrificed.

Today, we are not apt to think of birth, marriage and death as communal events. But to primitive man, whose community was one big family, they tended to assume the importance of a communal occasion and fitting ceremonies were used to placate the spirits interested. Many of these issued into rites of a dramatic character. Such was the meal with the dead at the Roman Parentalia or the curious ritual observed by the Roman householder at the Lemuria when wandering ghosts

were laid. But the best instance for our purpose comes from the Patagonian Indians of South America. There, when a man dies, his spirit returns a few days later in a canoe, leaps among the assembled villagers, performs a curious dance and then vanishes into the interior. Thus the spirit is safely laid. The spirit is represented by a man who wears a white linen mask. The men are "in the know" but the women and children, as ignorant of the spirit's real identity, are suitably impressed. Jevon's article on "Masks" seeks to show that some ritual of this nature lies behind the use of masks in Greek drama. Some go so far as to derive drama from funeral festivals but this seems to be an over-estimate of their importance. We may note, however, that religion is again the motivating force.

Before we leave this subject of religious ritual and the drama derived therefrom we should observe the importance of the rise of the "Medicine Man." He is a person who undertakes to placate the particular devil in his community. He claims special knowledge of the formulae by which this may be effected and if unsuccessful, like the priests of Baal, he often pays the penalty. But his entrance marks a distinct step in communal development. The main mass of the community may now peacefully go about their business, confident that they have a technical expert to keep the god in good humor, or even force him to "come across" when slothfully disposed. Communal festivals still persist but their religious implications are not so necessary and are therefore more and more forgotten. They tend to become mere entertainments and the way is made smooth for secular rather than religious dramatics. The medicine man or men, too, as religious leaders of the community often masquerade before their villagers and become specialized actors of a

sort. So in the history of dramatic development, the medicine man, like the priests who fostered the mediaeval morality plays, are bound to have played an important part.

However, I do not claim that all drama is essentially religious in origin. Certain other forces have quite evidently had a hand in shaping its form and content. Social expressions of joy for a rich harvest or a successful campaign have probably issued into communal celebrations. Here the essential feature seems to have been the communal dance and song around the camp fire. From this comes, we are told, poetic metre and rhythm in the first ballad-like song, one with short improvisations in song and dance by each individual and a refrain in which all joined. Here again in the short improvisations, lies the germ of individualism destined later to break loose from the cramping influence of the strictly communal rejoicings. Savages today still practice this tribal song and dance, while civilized moderns occasionally under camp fire influence revert to improvisations. I remember one couplet that sprang from such an occasion:

"I've come  
By Gum!"

Amoeban or responsive, i.e., dialogue song, has also contributed to drama and especially to the content of the pastoral type, while songs of labor, too, have worked their part.

There are, as well, certain independent bits of drama not referable to any cause, although we may suspect their origin. Dr. Matthews, for instance, tells us of a primitive drama witnessed among the Aleuts. Two hunters took part. One represented a bona fide hunter, the other a bird. The hunter registered joy at seeing the bird and regret for having to kill it. The "bird" tries to escape. The hunter shoots it, rejoices and then mourns its death. At this stage the "bird" is resurrected as a

beautiful woman. But this sort of thing is too sophisticated to be an origin. It is probably an off-shoot. One cannot help feeling that none of the examples just listed provides a real *raison d'être* for the drama. They step in and influence it after it has taken root, but, on the whole, the primal impulse that lashed the imitative instinct into creation seems to have been a religion of fear.

A brief survey of this somewhat heterogenous and exceedingly condensed collection of material reveals to us the imitative instinct present in primeval man and, in early ages, operating in the invention of speech and writing and other arts. It seems probable, especially when we compare modern stone-age man, that it issued into dramatic ritual as well. At least we can say that behind the present drama lie centuries of development where festivals of a religious and communal nature took on dramatic form; then the religious motive, although persistent, tended to become obscured and individualism began to thrust its way through the crust of communism. In Greece, at least, this movement continued until Greek comedy and Greek tragedy were produced. From that date the history of our modern stage-drama with its motivation of action, its character analysis and all its sophisticated devices commences.

In historic times this stage drama has had an immeasurable influence. It has mirrored contemporary life at all ages so that "he who runs may read," it has inculcated ideals of patriotism and conduct, and has done more than its share in shaping the cultural life of every generation. But what we may term the invisible drama has been still more pervasive in its influence. Drama in its wider definition is not limited to the stage. It overflows into all types of literature, into the poem or the novel, and is omnipresent in daily life. Process-

Continued on page 23

# THE LIBERAL LIFE.

REV. T. B. KILPATRICK, D.D.

Rev. Professor T. B. Kilpatrick, D.D., of Knox College,  
Toronto, sends Greetings to Alberta, and suggests  
how the student may best realize the fulness  
of his University Life.

Speaking in general terms, I conceive that the life and work of students in a university should concentrate upon a three-fold purpose. A student will probably think, first of all, of efficiency, and will select such special topics of study as will help to equip him for his chosen career. This, of course, is right, and is inevitable. At the same time, it is a paradox, but it is true, that specialization may defeat the student's purpose; and he may emerge from some highly specialized course, uneducated, and, therefore, to that extent unfitted for the particular life-work to which he desires to devote his powers. It may be that the best preparation for a special career is an intellectual discipline, which does not consist solely or even mainly in studies directly bearing on the definite task of the after life. In any case, specialization should not begin too soon, and should not be too exclusive.

This leads, in the second place, to the supreme function of a university, the provision of means of culture; and it is upon culture of mind that a true student will concentrate his best

energies. To attain this end, he will do well to see that his course includes such studies as will prove gateways to the wide domains of human thought, and shall open vistas, to his awakening soul, of the far reaching ambitions, and the complex interests of the human race. By such studies he will come into his heritage; and will be prepared in the future, not merely to serve himself, but to advance the development of mankind in the direction of intellectual and ethical well-being.

But the student, bent on culture, must do more than pursue a course provided for him. He must do independent work. Culture cannot be learned on a bench. It is the reward of devotion, and comes as a crown to its secret lover. He must be a reader on his own account. Lowell's advice is familiar, and cannot be improved on. "My advice would always be to confine yourself to the supreme books in whatever literature; still better, to choose some one great author, and grow thoroughly familiar with him." He added as "a personal illustration," "it was my own profound admiration for the 'Divina

Commedia' of Dante that lured me into what little learning I possess." This advice is capable of being followed by those who pursue other than the specially named "learned" professions. The civil engineer, the electrician, the business man, ought to be lovers of good books, should acquaint themselves with great literature, and may be, by diligent private study, men of culture, as ripe and broad, as that which is expected in the clergyman or the teacher.

Yet even culture is not the best a university may afford. It is a unique opportunity for the development of character. It is this, of course, apart from any directly moral or religious teaching it may provide. In the relations, which the students occupy to the Alma Mater whose children they are; to one another as fellow-citizens in a republic of humane letters; as well as to the teachers at whose feet they sit; there is room and demand for the exercise of all the virtues which enter into the making of noble

character: loyalty, humility, patience, unselfishness, truthfulness, trustworthiness, courage, devotion, hope, and a wide charity which includes in its care and its forbearance the widening circles of acquaintance, and terminates only with the human race itself.

These qualities will be condensed into those friendships which are the loveliest and most enduring results of a university course. A student will have failed profoundly, if he do not carry from the university the precious prize of friendships, deep-rooted in mutual appreciation of all things fair and good, and destined to endure with life itself. One only prize is greater, the sense of the supreme value of the things of the spirit, and the determination that in the pursuit of them the student will give his unstinted devotion. So doing, he will be a student all his days, and not a student only, but a servant of God and of Humanity.

## IN TEN CREEK PASS.

Cold wind, snow, and the cold sunlight;

Cold, clear sky, and a crust like glass,

Over a pool the frost-smoke white

Gathers and drifts along the pass.

Camp at the end of a long day's trail,

Logs that snap as the bacon fries,  
The woodsmoke drifts, and distant,  
pale,

The stars look down with curious eyes.

—Kemper Hammond Broadus.

## BACCHANALIA.

White ripples danced across the bay  
And the pine-trees played a dizzy  
air.

Roses and tiger-lilies gay

Rioted in the sunlight there.

And the music of flowers and pines  
and sun

Eddied and tossed thro' the afternoon,

While nodding willows, one by one,  
Swayed drunkenly to the laughing  
tune.

—Kemper Hammond Broadus.



## THE "E. P." RANCH.

SYBIL F. SPRUNG.

Latest word from the Prince of Wales' ranch tells of the award of first class prizes to his livestock. The Royal Stables in England have supplied the stock for this enterprising and interesting ranch. The ranch is notable not only for the high standard of livestock breeding that it typifies, but because of the immense popularity of its young and royal owner. Everyone in Canada is interested in the Prince and his ranch. This is due to the impression he made upon the public with his charm and personality. He is very aptly called the "Sunshine Prince" not only from his brilliant smile and sunny golden hair but from his characteristics of sympathy and loveliness which endeared him at once to all who saw him. A remarkable thing is the feeling men have for him and all his interests. At first they were rather sceptical of him and the deep interest which women displayed in him. Many a man was heard to say with a sneer, "He's just a man like the rest of us"—until they had seen him. In Calgary, the fact that he had changed men's opinions made itself evident. The Prince attended Anglican service in the morning. After the service was over, there was a notable rush of uniformed men to the door where they might stand at the salute while the Prince passed out. And several officers rushed to their respective Fords and got as far ahead of the party as possible that they might jump out and salute the Prince again as he passed along.

During his trip west, near Viscount, Saskatchewan, on the roof of his little homestead shack stood a solitary figure in khaki outlined against the sky, completely equipped, and as the Prince's train rolled by he brought his rifle to the present. Everybody was and is anxious to do him homage. And thanks to the purchase of the "E.P. Ranch" Canadians may hope to see him occasionally at least and not be forced to look back upon his visit as the one and the only one.

It was at a luncheon in Winnipeg that the Prince of Wales first publicly announced his intention to buy a ranch in Alberta. This was one of his most important utterances during his trip and called forth loud applause. Everyone was astonished and pleased beyond measure. The whole of Canada felt honored that the Prince should wish to have a "Canadian home" as he expressed it, and Albertans almost burst with pride. The Prince's references to the West were most flattering. And the beauty of it all is that he meant what he said. In one of his speeches he used the words "The Western spirit is a most catching one." And we are sure he caught it because he really seemed one of us. He was ready for anything. While in the West, he attended a stampede, a real wild and woolly one arranged especially for his benefit. He took an enormous interest in all the events and much to everyone's delight, called for a broncho. He mounted in his

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civilian clothes and rode the broncho the length of the course—and straight into the hearts of the people. A King? Who wouldn't want a King like that? As the Hon. C. A. Stuart said when the Prince was in Edmonton, the British Empire came out of the war the only nation upon which the Kingship was more lovingly fixed than ever.

The ranch which the Prince chose for his own is sixty miles from High River in the foothills of the Rockies. It is an excellent situation being the old and well known Beddingfield ranch which the Prince visited in company with George Lane of Calgary. Mr. Lane owns the adjoining property, the famous Bar U Ranch and to him must be given much of the credit for the Prince's location. The ranch, now called the E.P. Ranch consists of sixteen hundred acres and can be extended if the Prince so desires. It is a fine ranching proposition, equipped with all the necessary buildings, the main ranch house being of an attractive bungalow type with all modern conveniences. The scenery is beautiful with a fine view of the Rockies to the west and it is in the centre of an excellent shooting country.

When the Prince took the ranch over, there were a hundred and fifty head of cattle on it and about four hundred horses, including some Clydes of the well known Beddingfield breed. He expressed his purpose of devoting his attention chiefly to the raising of thoroughbred cattle and sheep and decided to send out breeding stock from the King's own

herds, which are of famous quality. In July of this year a string of cattle and horses landed in Canada from England for his ranch.

Apparently he has had success for in the Annual Fall Cattle Show in Calgary in October he took the Championship and two firsts with his Shropshire sheep. In fact, he was first in all classes in which he showed. In the same show, the Earl of Minto took first with his Oxford animal.

The Prince's purchase of the ranch means much to Alberta. The fact that it is to be a sensible and profitable ranching investment placed on a paying basis makes it of even greater value. It is bound to have a good effect on the stock raising industry through the introduction of fine thoroughbred strains of sheep and cattle from the King's herds. It will also serve as an incentive to other old country people and corporations to follow the Prince's example. Already there are several British notables interested here. Of course, the Prince leads the list. The Earl of Minto is ranching in Alberta on a large scale. And in the last few weeks it has been reported that Sir James McKechnie, head of Vickers Limited, proposes purchasing a ranch in Western Canada. As he believes that the Prince of Wales was well advised in locating in Alberta, he will probably do likewise.

Let them all come. They will be welcome and we will prove to them that Alberta is the province of the future. It will be a real pleasure to us to have the gallant young Prince share in our prosperity.

## TÊTE ROUGE.

I had known Wally Mason since boyhood days, but I never realized what was in him until in December, 1916, we met quite by accident in Calgary and, on comparing notes, found that we were both going to the same town for our holidays. A little incident which occurred on the train soon after we left Calgary revealed to me the fact that my friend possessed qualities the existence of which I had never even suspected.

Ever since I had first known him, Wally had been a woman-hater or, as he put it himself, a misogynist. This seemed strange to me because he was rather a handsome boy, knew how to wear good clothes, spoke in a gentle voice and possessed the instincts of a gentleman. He had, however, never succeeded in overcoming a strong inherent bashfulness which association with girls only seemed to intensify.

We had no sooner got nicely settled in our seats when, for no apparent reason, Wally launched into a vitriolic diatribe on Women. I recognized most of his arguments as having been borrowed almost verbatim from Schopenhauer's "Essay on Woman"; so I concluded that Wally was talking chiefly for the pleasure of hearing his own voice.

He was right in the middle of a particularly vivid bit of satire when, happening to glance up the aisle, I caught sight of a most gorgeous head of flaming red hair. I immediately lost interest in what Wally was saying and began to manoeuvre for a better view. Finally, my curiosity got the best of me.

"Wally," I interrupted, "I wonder if her temper matches her hair?"

"What hair? Whose temper?" Wally sputtered.

"Why," I exclaimed, "can't you see that little girl with the auburn hair in the third seat ahead? Isn't she a dream?"

"A dream?" Wally snorted. "A fluffy little kitten, you mean."

I could see that Wally was not particularly interested; but, nevertheless, I did not intend to allow him to resume his lecture.

"Listen," I said, "I've got an idea."

"You don't say? How does it feel?"

"Aw, cut the comedy," I retorted, "and give me a chance to explain."

Wally subsided. "All right," he agreed, "Shoot."

"Now, look here," I went on, "you have been telling me all about the lack of intelligence, resourcefulness and so forth of girls, but I haven't noticed that you possess these same qualities in any marked degree. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, you know."

"So you think I haven't any resourcefulness?"

"Marvellous," I replied, "How did you guess it?"

"O, that was easy. It's a gift, I suppose."

"Well," I continued, "I not only think that, but what is more, to back up my contention, I am ready to bet you ten dollars that between now and the time we reach Lacombe you can't get acquainted with Tête Rouge up there."

"You mean the little girl with the fiery locks?" queried Wally.

"Precisely."

Wally hesitated a moment, and I could see that he realized I had called his bluff and that it was up to him, in the slang phrase, "to put up or shut up."

"You're on," he said, "but only on condition that you never breathe a word of this to anyone."

"Righto, old dear," I replied, looking at my watch, "You have three hours in which to make good."

At Wally's suggestion we moved up into the seat immediately behind that occupied by her of the flaming hair. After a few minutes careful study of the situation, Wally got up and sauntered down the aisle to the smoker.

About ten minutes later he returned and, to my great surprise, he stopped at the seat ahead and leaned over the golden haired vision.

"Parden me," he murmured sweetly, "but haven't we met before? My name is Masón."

Tête Rouge suddenly came to life. "Perhaps we have," she replied, "but I don't seem to remember your face."

"Didn't we meet at the Hollow-e'en dance?" hazarded Wally.

"Really, I can't say," replied the vision, "I met so many strangers at that dance."

"I forget who introduced us," stammered Wally, "but I'm sure it was there we met. May I sit down?"

"Why, yes. I don't mind."

I could see from the skilful way in which Wally's new acquaintance handled the situation that she possessed the polished technique that comes only from long experience. Obviously, I had picked the wrong girl. She was making it too easy for Wally.

For some reason unknown to me, Wally plunged immediately into reminiscences of the good old days at Normal school, while his compan-

ion, with a consummate artistry seldom found in one so young, managed to do a little more than her share to keep the conversational ball rolling.

Try as I might, I could not make out how a confirmed woman-hater like Wally could talk so glibly. I listened with interest until Wally lapsed into poetry. While he confined himself to the Golden Treasury, it wasn't so bad, but when he began to quote from Omar—

"Ah Love, couldst thou and I with Him conspire,  
To' grasp this sorry scheme of things  
entire . . ."

I got up, utterly disgusted, and staggered out to the smoker.

A few minutes before we drew into Lacombe, Wally joined me and, after relieving me of ten dollars, forced me to listen to the details.

It seems he had guessed that Tête Rouge was a Normal graduate from the fact that she was reading "The Normal Magazine." Her first words had confirmed that deduction, and after that it was all plain sailing.

Just as we drew into Lacombe, Wally dug me in the ribs.

"Don't wait for me, old dear," he advised. "I'm going to take her to lunch."

When I recovered from the shock, the car was empty and there wasn't a soul in sight. Still somewhat dazed, I wandered over to a nearby cafe, had lunch and then went home.

Two weeks later I went back to Calgary and from there I went overseas. For over two years I heard nothing of Wally beyond the fact that he had enlisted.

When I returned in June, 1919, the very first letter I received was from Wally. It read:

Dear old Bean,

We were married yesterday. You were right. Her temper **does** match her hair.

To a cinder,

WALLY.



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## "JOHN GALT"

By R. K. GORDON.

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In Volume No. 5 of the Philological Series of the University of Toronto Studies, recently issued, an interesting and valuable contribution to Canadian literature has been made by R. K. Gordon, M.A., Associate Professor of English in the University of Alberta. The title of the volume is "John Galt," and its subject deals with the life and work of a character too little known in Canadian circles. The book is of peculiar interest to natives of Alberta because a grandson of the subject of the sketch was prominent in the founding of the City of Lethbridge in Southern Alberta, the public square of that town, one of the most beautiful in Western Canada, being named after Mr. Elliott Galt. The following extracts from a review of Mr. Gordon's book, which appeared in the September Number of "The Canadian Historical Review," will give some idea of the character and content of the work:

"John Galt was the first London agent of the Canadian claimants for compensation for losses suffered during the War of 1812, and afterwards he became the originator and organizer of the Canada Company's scheme of land settlement in the Huron Tract. He was the founder of the towns of Guelph and Goderich, and the town of Galt was named after him. In the history of Canadian colonization, he occupies a place of no mean importance.

"Professor Gordon has told the story of Galt's connection with Canada in considerable detail. He has

made full use of the documents existing in the Canadian archives, as well as of a wide variety of other sources. The research displayed in his pages is indeed worthy of the highest praise. His account of Galt's relations with Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Rev. John Strachan, and other members of the dominant Family Compact Party, as well as with William Lyon Mackenzie, throws new light on the political conditions in Upper Canada in the pre-rebellion period; and the story of Galt's work as superintendent of the Canada Company from 1826 to 1829 adds a hitherto unwritten page to the history of Canadian colonization. Frequent quotations from Galt's journals and papers add to our knowledge of Upper Canada during his sojourn in the province. Some of Professor Gordon's quotations are decidedly piquant, as when he quotes Galt's description of Toronto, then 'Muddy York,' as 'one of the vilest blue-devil haunts on the face of the earth' (p. 61). The author's dry sense of humor, indeed, frequently lightens what might otherwise be a sufficiently dull narrative. A bibliography of Galt's writings, which is printed as an appendix, contains a number of items relating to Canada—mainly magazine articles—which are little known.

"Professor Gordon's monograph is a good example of the type of special study of which there is still great need in Canadian history. It is thorough and scholarly, and it does something which has not been done before."

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Narrow little saddle-trail, where lies your charm? Is it in the bloom of the wild rose, or the whispering poplar so close on either hand, is it in the chequered shadows and the mellow sunlight in the open bits of wood, or is it in this twilight knot of firs, where one's footfall is not heard, or in this open bluff where one stands to see the river winding far below? Yes, in all, and over all, the wonderful golden glory of the setting sun.

Here is a patch of the Hudson Bay Tea in full flower, whose curiously dry little leaves, tradition has it, were used by the pioneer Hudson Bay factors as a tea, in this inaccessible north country. And here we cling to the face of the great hill-side as we cross the slide, which buried the legendary village of the Indians at its foot, and here we pass into the shadow of the approaching bluff, where the trees are thick and tall, where the black mould beneath one's feet is damp, and the air is filled with the fragrance of the Balm of Gilead.

And now we climb out onto "Look-Out Point," a sheer rock facing up the Yukon River. At this time of the evening, the sun is just above the hills on the opposite shore, so that, although the sunset glows still linger at this height, the town is in shadow on the flats below. From sions, ceremonial, poses of every

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The sun dips its rim behind the hill; we must retrace our footsteps to the flats below. Wind down and down little trail to the city of log cabins. Ah! there's Baby Betty crying! Goodnight, fellow-wayfarer!

C. W. DYDE.

### ORIGINS OF THE DRAMA.

Continued from page 10  
sions, ceremonial, poses of every kind, are after all but out-crops of the irrepressible dramatic. It has become a human instinct which has won its battle in the subconscious and clamours for satisfaction.

NOTE. There is no space for a complete bibliography, but readers will find much that is interesting in Frazer's "Golden Bough," Dr. Matthew's "Origin of the Drama," or Dr. Carus' "History of the Idea of Evil."

W. G. HARDY.

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**THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE**

The University Magazine has suspended publication this fall. For twenty years—a long period in the annals of Canadian magazines—it has maintained a higher standard of literary and material excellence than—it is safe to say—any of its predecessors. Intended at the outset for a McGill University public only, it soon attracted wider attention by the excellence of its editing and its handsome form. In course of time its editor was encouraged to invite the co-operation and support of other universities for the establishment of a review which should worthily represent the best intellectual life of the Dominion. There was a dinner and an exchange of views at Toronto. The outcome was the union of three universities in an editorial board, and not ungenerous financial backing from the authorities of the University of Toronto. But it was not perhaps easy to defend to the general public such employment of university funds; inevitably offence was given by the outspokenness on certain topics of some of the articles and the financial support was soon withdrawn. Considering how widely separated were the members of the editorial board, the arrangement was in the main merely formal and Sir Andrew MacPhail was the real editor; to him, throughout, the success of the undertaking has been due. Notwithstanding, the combination of interests gave a position and prestige to the new venture that made it the acknowledged organ for the expression of the best thought of the country. The number of sufficiently com-



petent contributors who rallied to its support in various parts of the Dominion was a surprise to most, and not least to the contributors themselves. The Magazine also gave an opening to one of the best of our poets, Miss Marjorie Pickthall. In its success the policy of paying its contributors respectably, was no doubt a factor. But this had in time to be abandoned. All along the weak element in this promising structure—the feet of clay—was the financial basis. What is the immediate cause of the stoppage of publication, we do not know, but the fundamental reason of its failure has been the apathy of the Canadian intellectual public. There is such a public sufficiently large to maintain a review of this character; but the subscription list was always disappointingly small. Had any considerable number for example of university graduates given the trifling assistance implied in subscribing and maintaining one subscription, The University Magazine would still be flourishing. There are perhaps other minor contributory causes. But the really discouraging factor revealed in its fate is the indifference of the public. The ordinary magazine with its stories and entertaining articles has to meet the competition of British and especially American publications with their large market and huge advertising list. Such advantages never draw many of our best writers from Toronto and Montreal to Boston and New York. One cannot wonder that it is difficult to maintain them. But there surely is a real need of such a journal as The University Magazine and we hope that it will be able to resume publication in the very near future.—The Canadian Forum.

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## ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE

### My Confession

It all happened in France, in the last year of the Great War. Everyone writes of his experiences there, and as mine were passing strange, with farce and melodrama curiously blended, I thought I might line myself with the Army of Embryo Authors.

I might as well make a clean breast of it. I was never intended to be a sleuth, but as circumstances turned out, I found myself a member of that branch of Intelligence whose duty it was to frustrate the huge army of imaginary spies which followed in the tracks of the Army. My qualifications, you ask. Thanks to an intelligent look and a knowledge of French, and above all to the Opportunity, I became a full-fledged Lance-Corporal in the Intelligence Corps; that is all. My companions were a strangely assorted crew. One man had been a student in a Canadian agricultural college; another was a journalist, born in China, educated in Russia and Germany, whose only home was under his own hat; another was a graduate of Cambridge, who had left his salmon poaching in British Columbia to join the colors; another was a huge Polish count who had served in the Austrian dragoons; another was a Frenchman who had earned his living in every den of iniquity from Brest to the Barbary Coast, and had come from heaven knows where to join the King Edward's Horse. As for me, I was the baby, fresh from home in Canada, and keen as mustard after spies. I wondered why they laughed at the eager way I would set out on the trail. I soon found out.

I had been long enough at the work to learn my way about the area

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under our control when I was called to our office. Said our officer: "I am sending you to B—— to establish a post there. You will be responsible for the villages of B——, M—— and V——. Report to the Town Major of B——, he will find you a billet, but remember, you are independent, and not under his control in any way." The warning seemed superfluous, but I said nothing and away I went.

I found the Town Major's office at B—— without any trouble, rapped at the door and walked in. It was a small square room with two tables, three chairs, a few boxes of papers and a rum jar in it. Behind one table was a sergeant, busy at some returns or other. Pacing up and down the room with nervous, jerky steps, was a ripe old specimen of an English officer. He stopped as I came in, turned, and screwing a monocle into his eye, burst into speech, "So this is the man, Sergeant?" The sergeant did not look up, but the Major rushed on, "Corporal Jones, when I put you in charge of the sanitary work, in this town, I——" H

"I beg your pardon, Sir," I began.

"Not another word, Corporal,"

shouted the Major, beginning to purple with rage, "you're useless, damn useless. There's a pile of rubbish on the Rue de-de-whadyecallit——"

I managed to get in a word, "I'm not Corporal Jones."

"You're not Corporal Jones? Then who the devil are you? What the devil do you mean coming into my office? How the——"

"I am on Intelligence duty, Sir, I came to ask you——"

"Oh," purred the old major, quite respectfully, "on Intelligence duty, are you? I beg your pardon, Corporal, 'pon my soul, I do. I thought you were that damn useless Jones of mine. Sit down, Corporal. Sergeant, leave us. I shall call you presently."

The sergeant got up with a pitying glance at his officer, and a wink to me, and left.

I began again, "I have been sent here from Headquarters, Sir, and I was told you could—"

Again I was interrupted, "Really, Corporal, this is most interesting, by gad, it is! Excuse me just one moment, Corporal." He got up and fussed out, to return a minute later, a little more composed, while a subtle odor of Scotch whiskey made its presence felt in the room.

"Now, then, Corporal, tell me the whole story. These damn spies are everywhere—everywhere, I tell you. We can't be too careful. There are thousands in this very town. Why only last night I caught one red-handed. I have him locked up now with a guard over him."

He paused for breath and I managed to make my request for a billet before he got started again.

"What's that, Corporal? You want a billet! (Oh, what disgust in his tone) Why the devil didn't you tell me so before, instead of wasting my time like this? Sergeant! Sergeant!"

In came the sergeant with a broad smile on his face, and in a few minutes I had my billet. My first official act was to release the eminently respectable and highly indignant village policeman who had been caught by the majesty of the British army the night before in the act of lighting his pipe while a Boche plane was hovering overhead. Considering the circumstances, he was very reasonable with his incarceration, dismiss it with a shrug and the inevitable "C'est la guerre!"

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## **THE COLLEGE "KIDDER"**

Of the characteristics of the college man to-day, the one which is perhaps the most distinctly marked is the ability and habit of "kidding," a practice redeemed to a certain extent by the training which the college man receives in learning to give back as good as he receives. A man who has spent four years in a Canadian institution of higher education is usually prepared for practical jokes of every known species, and for "kidding," clever, asinine, subtle or painfully obvious. He is about as easily ruffled by a jest as a hippopotamus is put to flight with an airgun.

The college man is an intellectual silk-worm. About his real self, by a process of years, he has woven a thread of manner, of joke and jest, so long and deep that it is seldom that his real friends penetrate to the man within. His heart is anywhere but on his sleeve. And few would have it otherwise.

But, growing out of such an attitude towards the men with whom he comes daily in contact, the college man has reached an extreme. So long have his daily conversations and chats at the dinner table or in his study been mere "kidding matches," that in many cases he has lost his power to talk logically, consistently, upon a topic of any nature more serious than the Calgary game or the Varsity's chances against the Eskimos. And, if perchance he has that power, he is afraid to use it, knowing well that the opening of any serious topic means that it is the recipient of a choice and assorted collection of wit.

Picture a group of men in residence engaged in talking over a matter of any importance. The conversation is becoming interesting and logical. The men are intellectually on edge. Of a sudden a rustling sound is heard. The house baboon, scenting his opportunity, utters his



racial noise and swings nimbly into the conversation. Immediately seriousness is at an end. The rest of the group, from force of habit, join in with that species of comment that can only be described as "clever." The subject is forgotten.

Undoubtedly this results from one or two men, college simians, whose capacity for "cleverness" is greater than that of the undergraduates with whom they come in contact, and who cannot allow an opportunity for the exercise of this faculty to go by unheeded. They have a melancholy reward. Ever, their most serious remarks are to be taken as a joke; it is impossible to look upon them seriously. The humor of the old circus conversation has its touch of pathos. "Why did Jones become a clown?" asks the tattooed man. "In college he was always the life of the party," answers the bearded woman.

Such a situation which tends towards the discouragement of any serious discussion among undergraduates is no small contributor to that intellectual slovenliness which educators declare to be perhaps the paramount problem in Canadian universities. The average undergraduate reads what? His text-book on occasions, the Saturday Evening Post always, and some of the monthly magazines. The remainder of his reading course usually retails at \$1.08 per volume.

No one would ask that the dinner meeting of students should resemble an undertaker's convention. But once in a while a serious thought outside of the class room would not be amiss; a little wit could be well exchanged for a bit of real intellect.

### LISTENING

There are truths so obvious, rules of conduct so well known, that practically no one is in ignorance of them. And yet these rules, or practices, are violated so often that it is

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wise to call attention to them every once in a while. The Indiana Students discusses one of interest, under the heading of "The Art of Listening."

On an equal basis of importance with the art of being a good talker stands the art of being a good listener. To listen well is not a bit of luck; it is no slight accomplishment, no second-hand virtue.

If to listen well is worth something, then certainly the art of knowing when not to talk at all is worth more. How often when crossing the campus or when sitting in the classroom between bells do we unremittingly and ruthlessly plough through some person's ideas just because we feel it necessary to "keep things going."

An unselfish listener is much to be admired. How often, through lack

of courtesy, after speaking out our own views, do we then relapse into a state of nervous inattention while the other fellow talks. Then, when he has finished, we take up the thread of conversation just where he has dropped it as if nothing had been heard in the interval.

Mental selfishness is a disease much too prevalent in the classroom. Instead of giving our full attention, our responsive interest, we let our minds drift away into unconscious and unprofitable channels of thought.

Our minds oftentimes become so filled with what we think, what we are going to say, that the other fellow's point is lost to us. We fail to get the view because our own thoughts loom too large on the horizon.



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